

# THE JOHNSON JOURNAL



DECEMBER — 1951

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

NO. ANDOVER, MASS.



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# THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

The Student Publication of Johnson High School, North Andover, Massachusetts

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DECEMBER ISSUE

NO. 1

## EDITORIAL



### WELCOME TO THE FRESHMEN

On behalf of the *Journal* Staff I wish to extend a sincere welcome to this year's Freshmen, the class of 1955, and a hope that its four years here will be pleasant and profitable. Johnson High School will endeavor to make them so.

In making this statement I do not refer to the building, which is small and sometimes inadequate, but to the real heart of the school—our principal, faculty and the student body who have made it a school to be proud of and to which our loyalty may be well given. A sense of friendliness permeates the entire building and laughter is a frequent, welcome visitor.

Here everyone is important, and all cooperate to make Johnson High School a place of living as well as of learning. Thus, this year, we are happy to add the class of 1955 to the student body of Johnson High School.

Diana Keach, '52

### “PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN”

Nearly two thousand years ago, in the little town of Bethlehem a baby was born, and “Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men” was the message brought to the world by the angels. We, at this time, would do well to ask ourselves what we can do to bring about the peace of which the angels sang so long ago.

December is the month in which we all

have a good and friendly feeling toward our neighbors. It is called the “Christmas Spirit.” What a better world we would live in if this feeling could exist the whole year around!

This year each of us can, if we wish, help spread this feeling of good will by being kind and friendly and bringing to our own corner of the world the peace that the whole world longs for.

For years the world has been seeking peace. This year it seems farther away than ever. World War II is but six years behind us and we are not sure that World War III can be avoided.

The bright, warm spirit that glows at this season of the year makes us all feel that war is far away. Let us help make “Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men” echo throughout the world.

Nancy Burke, '54

### BEWARE! — FATAL WEAPON

Do you realize that in our environment there is a weapon more deadly than the H-Bomb and more crippling than infantile paralysis? We, the teen-agers, are the target for the weapon. The weapon . . . DRUGS.

The teen-ager, taking pleasure in having a new experience, or just following the fashion, is classified an easy prey for the dope peddlers who force, convince, or dare him to take a first taste of marijuana.

The first taste, in most cases, isn't the



last. A person continually indulging in the use of drugs finds that he has developed a dependence upon the drug and he cannot voluntarily refrain from using it. Marijuana no longer satisfies his craving and heroin is used. He is now a drug addict, scarred for life.

Why does this menace to society continue to exist? Our government is spending millions of dollars to prevent Communism from seeping into our country and a more destructive force already exists within. If it is allowed to remain, the future citizens of this greatest country in the world will be drug addicts, thieves, and criminals.

The startling figures reveal that between 30,000 and 500,000 teen-agers are drug addicts. It seems quite impossible, that with all the information given on the radio, television and in newsprint of the suffering and degradation that follows the taking of drugs, so many were the targets for this lethal weapon.

Beware! Don't be a target for this weapon. Help others from being injured by it.

Betty Duncan, '52

### SAFETY FOR ANIMALS

Many people complain and talk about the accidents that have been happening to them, their friends, or their relatives. They complain when the recklessness of drivers and other hazards strike or endanger their lives. But how many of them think about the safety of animals?

Many dogs, cats and other pets have

been injured or killed by carelessness, or by cruelty. True, some accidents cannot be helped, but still many could have been prevented. Animals as well as humans have a right to life.

Just today, a small, brown cocker spaniel was hit by a car. What do you think the driver did? He went on a way, stopped, looked, and stared dumbfounded at the dying pup. How do you suppose the owners of the dog felt when the dog was buried? I suppose the man would have taken the dog to a veterinary if he could have saved him, but the dog was beyond help.

Another time, four or five years ago, I saw my own cat get killed by a cold-hearted driver. Just as the cat was about to cross the street to meet me a car came whizzing by, just missing hitting the cat but stunning him. Instead of stopping he went on, the cat still lying under the car, confused and stunned. The back wheels of the car hit the cat, dragging her away. Within two seconds the cat was dead and the driver went on his merry way without as much as a glance back to see what he had hit. My mother could not stop me from crying all day long. That is how I know what other children feel at the loss of their pets.

I don't mean to say that all people are cruel to animals, for many take good care of them and are kind to them. Quite a few follow the "Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" laws.

Can't you help to enforce them? Won't you help safeguard the life of animals?

Josephine Luzzio, '54



## LITERARY

### RETURN AT CHRISTMAS

The snow fell softly and quietly on the busy main street of his hometown. He looked about and saw a long-missed wonderland. This was his first Christmas at home for almost five years. He dreaded, in a way, to face his parents right now.

He wouldn't think of it, but instead, busied his mind with other thoughts.

As he looked around he saw that times and people don't change, no matter how long you stay away. There was the same Santa Claus on the same street corner just ahead. Across the street was Mr.

Peabody, in his drugstore, dishing out big banana splits for rosy-faced kids.

It had been just ten minutes since he got off the train at the depot, but it seemed as though he had always been there. He'd have to face the facts though. He had been in jail all this time. He was a kid of eighteen when he went away. It was one of those stories you hear all the time about a nice kid who "got in the wrong crowd." Well, he was back now. What would his parents do and say when they saw him? What would be the expressions on their faces? Would the townspeople accept him again, as one of them?

He kept on walking up the street. His thoughts kept swirling around in his head. The Christmas bells and happy shouts of the late Christmas shoppers kept reminding him of all the Christmases he had missed and he felt angry and sick inside, wishing he had never been born.

Fifteen more minutes passed and here he was outside his own home. It looked good and homey to him. The lighted Christmas tree in the window looked welcoming. They hadn't known he was coming. He hadn't wanted to tell them because he had been afraid. Well, he wasn't afraid now. He looked up to heaven, said a silent prayer, and then opened the door and walked in.

Florence Towne, '52

### ONCE UPON A CHRISTMAS EVE

The cold bitter wind drew at Jimmy's thin coat and pushed its icy fingers at his pinched little face as he plodded through the dirty sidewalk snow one Christmas Eve. His large brown eyes leaped with a mixture of hope, worry and anticipation as his brain reeled with thoughts. His small grubby hand fished once more in his pocket for the much-handled newspaper clipping, and he gazed at it raptly. It was a jewelry ad and he had circled what looked to be a delicately carved brooch. He wanted to buy it to give to his mother for Christmas. It was only five dollars and ninety-five cents, but in all his ten years he hadn't held that much money all at once. He had no job; it was too late to get one anyway and he felt

sure no one would hire an undersized little boy like himself. The problem of obtaining the money surged through his mind and he found no solution as he trudged along.

Suddenly, he was aware of another presence nearby. Looking up, he stiffened in fright as he met the hard, calculating stare of another boy, about sixteen, by the name of Joe Mulatti. Jimmy knew him well; there was hardly anyone in the neighborhood who didn't, for Joe was the leader of the gang that ravaged the neighborhood.

"Hi, Jimmy. What'sa matter? Ya look kinda down in the dumps," he growled out of the corner of his mouth. Jimmy almost fell over with surprise at the unusually friendly words.

"Oh, ah-ah, I, ah—nothin'," he stutted.

"Ah, come on, give. Need some help, kid? If ya do, just tell old Joey here. Glad ta help ya. Come on."

At the older boy's insistence, Jimmy, speaking hesitantly at first, told him about his problem, but not without a sense of foreboding which tugged at his mind. When he had finished, Joe said, as one man to another,

"So ya want some dough, huh, kid? Ya come to the right guy." He lowered his voice confidentially and drew Jimmy in tighter. "Now listen. I gotta job ta pull t'night an' I need some help. Now, I wouldn't be tellin' you this if I didn't know I could trust ya. So keep it under y' hat, O.K.? Now, all ya gotta do is stand outside a' Mason's store while I run in, open the cash register an' get the money. Y' just gotta keep the coast clear, see? Now, ain't that easy, kid?"

"No, no, I shouldn't, I—"

"Now, listen, kid. Ya need the dough, right?"

"Well, yes, but—"

"What're ya, yella? Ya got the easiest job an' if sumth'n happens, an' I or youse gets caught, we won't tell on the other, O. K.? Fair 'n' square? An' you gets a third of the dough."

Jimmy was confused but one thought stood out in his mind—he needed the money badly and this was a way to get it.



to her. In his arms he held a huge parcel.

Myrna finished her song and then asked him what such a small boy was doing with such a big bundle. The child told her smilingly that it was his mother's Christmas gift. He had saved his allowance for three months and bought it, a glass statue of a horse.

He said good-bye and turned to go, but one of the shoppers bumped into him, carelessly knocking the clumsy box from his grasp. It hit the cement sidewalk with a crash and the paper tore open, the glass breaking into many, many bits.

The child dropped beside it, weeping and fingering the broken pieces. "And I have no more money to buy anything else!"

Sympathy guided Myrna as she slipped her hand into her ragged pocket. She gave the child what money she had and told him to go back and get another one.

Gratitude filled his eyes and he flung his arms around the woman's neck, kissing her cheeks and forehead. Then he was gone.

Myrna had no money now for new shoes, but she felt better using it this way. Nor had she any money for food or the warm clothes she so badly needed. She was getting old and was not well. Still she was contented with what she had done with her last pennies.

She felt dizzy all of a sudden, standing there among the crowd of rushing people. She looked down at the sidewalk and the broken glass horse. It seemed to come up to meet her. She thought once more of her beloved son, and then all was black.

Although it was freezing weather, she felt warm for a minute. She heard sirens screaming and people shouting and hovering over her. Then complete darkness. And peace.

When the ambulance got there Myrna was beyond help, and as the aids lifted her lifeless body to the stretcher a tall, handsome young man in a Marine uniform came up and looked on along with the others. Suddenly, recognition sprang to his eyes and a great grief filled his heart.

He turned and walked away into the night.

Jean Ingram, '53

## FEAR

It was a cold, bleak day and I could hear the wind blowing around the building. I was shaking, but not because of the cold weather. I was scared!

I walked to the door and hesitated. I knew that if I went in I would be in for an ordeal. What should I do? When I had decided, I opened the door and walked into the room.

My first impression was that I was in a dungeon. The room was like a tomb.

I walked over and took a chair by the window. I noticed it was starting to snow.

I could hear my heart beating. I thought it would burst.

It seemed that it was getting darker. In the dim light I could see the others in the room. They were also scared and I didn't blame them, because I knew what they feared.

Then I looked up and saw him. He was tall, dark and sinister looking. This was the man I feared!

A boy in the front was first. I watched as he sweated out those terrible minutes. I felt sorry for him and knew that soon I would be up there instead of him.

I could hear the clock ticking, but the hands didn't seem to move. Why didn't it go faster?

Another and another went to the front. There were only two left and then it would be my turn. The sweat was pouring off me.

I heard my name called. I got up and started to the front. Could I go through with it?

I was almost there. Just a few more feet were left.

Then the bell rang and I walked out of Chemistry class. Thank goodness I wouldn't have to recite until tomorrow!!!

Chuck Harbolt, '53

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## GRANDMA'S TALE

The night before Christmas the whole family gathers around my Great-Grandma and she again relives her fabulous experience. "About four score and some odd years ago"—that is the way she begins her tale.

It seems that every Christmas Eve she

and her brothers would make a lunch for Santa. One Christmas, when she was about six, she hid behind the big, gayly-colored tree and waited for Santa to come.

It was a little after twelve when she heard bells ringing merrily in the distance. They came closer and closer, till she could hear them directly overhead. Then down the chimney came dear old Saint Nick.

He was so cute, jolly and plump with a snow-white beard. "But the cutest thing of all," she always says with a smile, "was his long red cap that almost reached the floor."

He was looking straight at the tree and said with a smile, "Well, well! What have we here? Come on out and help me select your family's presents." She came out slowly, almost knocking over the tree with the new hoop skirt she had put on especially for Santa. At first she was scared, but Santa was so nice she soon was telling him all her family's wants and needs.

After all the gifts had been placed under the tree, Santa took off his cap, and began the meal she and her brothers had made so carefully. When he was through he looked up and said, "My, that was good!" He pulled her up on his lap and asked her what she wanted. Of all the presents under the tree not one was for a girl of six. She told him that all she had wanted was to see him, for no one had ever done so before. He noticed then that unconsciously she had picked up his beautiful cap and was rubbing it gently over her face. He took a doll out of his pack, laid it down, filled up her stocking, and left with a bound.

If any one present doubts her story she will go to a drawer, pull out the long red cap and look on this foolish person with a smile of wisdom that came to her on a Christmas morn so long ago.

Lois Milliken, '53

### PECOS PETE

Pecos Pete was the biggest, the strongest, and the most famous man this side of the Mississippi. He was over fifty feet tall and weighed no less than 2250 pounds.

He was never without his flintlock

rifle, "Old Betsy." He claimed that if he didn't feel like getting his own meal he would just aim her skyward and, when she had spotted a large bird, she would signal him to pull the trigger, and before you knew it a bird would come down roasted by the sun.

When he was thirsty, he would reach up and grab the Big Dipper and drink some of the Milky Way. At night, when he was sleepy, he would gently blow the waters of the Pacific Ocean back so far that it would take twenty-four hours for them to return to that particular spot again, thus leaving him a dry, comfortable place at the bottom of the ocean on which to sleep.

But that which made him yet more famous and changed the geography of the United States happened after fourteen continuous days of rain. On the fifteenth rainy day, Pecos was about to mount his horse when it started and, as it was about to gallop away, Pecos grabbed hold of the reins and thus was dragged for miles and miles through muddy land and sank deeper into the mud.

Finally, he was able to bring his horse to a standstill. How was he to get out of this deep hole! Huffing and puffing, while beads of perspiration stood on his brow, he at last succeeded in climbing out of the trap. The mud dried up and left the river bed of the mighty Mississippi River.

Helen Mooradkanian, '55

### "PARIS IN THE SPRING"

I stepped out of the doorway into the dingy Parisian street. The droplets of one of summer's last rainfalls blew against my face, sending a tingling sensation up and down my spine. Having pulled up the damp collar of my trench coat and drawn the visor of my hat, I clutched the cold metallic handle of the .38 in my pocket.

A shudder went through my body as the thought of what I was about to do passed through my mind. The echo of my footsteps resounded from the bare wet buildings, beating out a tempo which sent my thoughts into the past.

It all began in a night club in Paris. In the dim-lighted, smoke-filled cafe I saw



her. A mournful song coming from her lips caught my attention and held it. She made her way to my table and sat down. In a low, soft voice she said, "You're new here, aren't you?"

We had a drink and then things happened. The room started to whirl and I passed out. When I awoke, I found myself in an alley robbed of my money. I vowed then that I would get my revenge.

So here I was seeking my revenge. I sat down at the same table in the cafe. The girl was singing the same song. There was a sudden movement in back of me. I spun in time to see a short, dark man with a long scar on his face about to throw a knife. My finger closed on the trigger and with a hideous scream he fell to the floor, mortally wounded. The knife which was intended for me protruded from the girl's back.

Leonard Copetta, '53

#### A VISIT FROM ST. NICK

Little six year old Davie Johnson stirred uneasily in the big comfortable chair beside the fire place. Sitting in his dark living room, with only the Christmas tree lights going, wasn't such a good idea after all.

"Maybe Santa Claus won't even stop here," Davie thought, "Maybe he knows about the time I chased our cat with my sling-shot. Maybe he knows about the time I put sugar into the salt shakers and salt into the sugar bowl."

Just then Davie's thoughts were interrupted. There was somebody out on the porch. As he sat there, not daring to move, the front door opened and in walked Santa Claus. He looked all around the hall, and then quietly tip-toed into the living room. Santa put down his bag full of toys, and stood for a few minutes admiring the beautiful Christmas tree in the far corner of the room. Davie, who had been watching him very suspiciously, finally said, "Hello Santa!"

Santa Claus turned around and seemingly very much surprised said, "Hello Davie! It's rather late for you to be up, isn't it?"

"Oh, I just thought I'd wait up for you. By the way, why didn't you come

down our chimney, instead of coming through the door?"

"Well, Davie," said Santa, "every year I seem to get wider, so I just can't come down your chimney any more. Oh, look at the time, I guess I'll be going now, Davie. I have so many other little boys and girls to visit tonight."

Santa opened the door, turned around, and said, "Merry Christmas, and good night."

Davie smiled back very happily and said, "Good night, and Merry Christmas to you, too, Daddy."

Lillian Bara, '53

#### MAN ENOUGH!

It all began last Thursday night. It was foggy last Thursday. Well, I was just getting off from work—it was about nine or so. (I don't always like to go home right after work. I live in a cheap flat; pretty dreary place, but it's only temporary. As soon as I get a better job I'm going to move.)

I decided to go to Joe's Beanery for a cup of coffee. As I walked down the street to Joe's, I got to feeling sorry for myself for being alone all the time. By the time I got to Joe's I was quite depressed.

The Beanery was a bright place. Joe always kept it clean.

Joe looked up from his newspaper when I came in and said, "Hi!"

"How's about a cup of coffee? Bring it to the back booth."

I picked up the newspaper Joe had been reading on the way over to the booth. I sat down in the booth and started to read the news, when I noticed I wasn't alone. Over in the corner was a kid slumped at the table. He must've been about eight or nine years old.

"Hi!" I said.

No answer. I decided he was a friend of Joe's.

Joe brought me the cup of coffee then and I asked him about the kid.

"Who's your silent friend over there?" I said, pointing at the kid.

"Huh?" Joe peered at him. "Say, how did he get in there?"

"Don't you know him, Joe?" I asked.



"Can't say I do, Bill. What's your name, sonny?"

Again no answer.

"Leave him alone, Joe. I guess someone left him there. They'll probably be after him soon."

Things were more or less the same in the news. Under the obituaries I noticed that a young woman around here died of some disease with a long technical name.

"Hey, Joe! Did you know this Amy Brown who died of some sickness? Lived around here."

"Nope, don't think so," answered Joe.

I went on reading the paper. Then, as I was looking at the sports section, I thought I heard someone crying. I threw a quick glance at the kid. Sure enough! He was crying.

"Something the matter, kid?" I asked. Maybe he was sick.

He stopped crying and rubbed his eyes.

"No, no," he stammered and his mouth quivered as the tears rolled down his face.

Silence, except for his crying. When he finished I asked if he was hungry.

"How about some coffee, huh?"

"No, thank you."

"Is somebody coming for you?"

It was after nine-thirty.

"No," he said, kind've low.

"Well, don't you think it's getting past your bedtime?"

"Got a knife, mister?" he asked.

"Yes, I think so. What do you want it for?"

"I'd like to cut something out of the paper if I can."

He opened the paper and found what he wanted. After he was through, he gave me back my knife and thanked me. Then he went to the door.

"Hey, wait a minute," I said. "What's your name?" I had noticed a hole in the obituaries column.

"Tommy, sir," he said, "Tommy Brown."

With the dawn of full realization I said, "And that woman—"

"—was my mother," he finished and went out the door.

Joe and I watched him go away, unfaltering, man enough, until you couldn't see him any more.

I did a lot of walking on the docks that night and the lonely foghorns kept me company as they sang their heavy, mournful songs; not as heavy, though, as my heart.

Kay Himber, '54

### TERRY

This was the big day. Finally, I was going to get my dog. I didn't know exactly what kind of dog I wanted, but he would have to be cuddly and friendly, and most of all he would have to love me.

Mother and Father were in the car already. I shoved my hat on. It was crooked, but a small obstacle like a crooked hat couldn't hinder me on this day. I slammed the front door, sprang down the stairs, and hopped into our little coupe beside my mother.

We had the names of about five places to go to. I was determined to get my dog today or die trying.

The first shop on Main Street had loads of dogs, but no little puppies. We wanted a very young one, so that he could grow up knowing me as his master.

The second was a farm. There was only one dog left, and he was lazy and homely and wouldn't even run to greet us. No, he wouldn't do. We wanted one that was lively.

The third dealer had only show dogs. They had to be fed certain foods, special vitamins, and entered in dog shows. They were so cold and reserved, not friendly at all.

The fourth place was a dog farm. As we were going in, a couple of old women walked by us. One was carrying a little puppy just like the one I wanted. My heart jumped and I felt that now I would get my puppy. When the owner told us that that had been the last puppy my heart sank. Only one place was left. It just had to have my dog.

It was an old farm house, run-down and in need of a good painting. A beautiful collie came to greet us at the sagging gate. We knocked on the door of the house, and an old woman answered. We explained to her that we were looking for a puppy. She smiled and asked us to follow her to the barn. In one of the

horse stalls was a pile of hay, and cuddled in it were four little puppies, the mother looking at us and growling. There was a little black and white one. I picked him up and right away he knew he was mine.

He snuggled his head under my collar, set his front paws on my collar-bone, and closed his eyes. "Terry" was his name, and now he's mine.

Joanne McAloon, '52



## TALK OF THE SCHOOL

One of the most talked-about events this fall has been the "Dogpatch Hop," a dance sponsored by the senior girls. Dorothy Love acted as chairman of the event and every senior girl who volunteered was on a committee.

Tickets were sold in school by members of the ticket committee. The publicity committee saw to it that the dance was announced at Lawrence, Punchard, Central Catholic and Methuen High Schools.

The High School's decorations consisted of humorous sketches drawn and colored by the seniors. These drawings were then cut out and put on the walls of the dance hall. On the stage were pumpkins of all sizes. Two straw dummies, made by Chris Kane, Marian Bamford, and Carolyn Dushame, drew much attention from the large crowd.

The dance itself was one at which

informal dress was worn and at which about every high school in Greater Lawrence was represented.

The money taken in, which amounted to \$125 profit, was put in the senior class treasury. The "Hop" was extremely successful and profitable. A fine time was had by all that attended and indeed this "Hop" was the "Talk of the School."

B. C.

### GUESS WHO?

This student is the President of the Freshman Class, and is very well liked by all the student body. He has black hair, blue eyes, and stands about five feet tall. He is an active member of the Freshman Class and the Model Builders' Club.

(Answer on Page 14)



## RECORD

### FRESHMAN CLASS NEWS

This year our Freshman Class officers are Michael Drummey, President; Larry Corcoran, Vice-President; and Roberta Bamford, Secretary-Treasurer.

Michael Drummey, our president, is a living example of the old saying "Good things come in small packages." His

main interests are building model planes and playing the saxophone.

Larry Corcoran, our vice-president, is most popular among his classmates. Of his many pastimes, football is his favorite.

Roberta Bamford, our secretary-treasurer, comes to us from the Bradstreet School. Her hobbies are skiing and tennis.

M. M.



### SOPHOMORE CLASS NEWS

This year David Knightly was elected president of the class, Ronnie Fountain was elected vice-president, and Ann Bullock was re-elected to the office of secretary-treasurer.

David Knightly has a high scholastic standing and enjoys sports.

Ronnie Fountain is well liked by all. He is on our hard-fighting football team.

Ann Bullock has a high scholastic standing. She is a pleasant and friendly pal to all members of her class. M. L.

### JUNIOR CLASS ELECTION

This year the Junior Class elected as its class president, Robert Lewis. This is the third year Bob has held this position. He is well-known in school as one of the best players on our football team.

Alice Dolan was elected as our vice-president. This is her second year as a member of our Council. Alice is very popular among our students.

Cute Nancy Lawlor is our able secretary-treasurer. Nan is a member of the Honor Society, and is on the Student Council for her third year. Nan is well-known by everyone.

### JUNIOR CLASS RINGS

The Junior Class voted for its class ring in October. There were many samples on display. There was a great deal of excitement over what type of ring to choose.

A class meeting was called during the second recess period for the Juniors, at which Mr. Hayes explained the details on voting. The class finally voted, and the official class ring was chosen by a large majority. S. S.

### SENIOR CLASS NEWS

The senior girls of Johnson High presented a "Dogpatch Hop" on November 8th. Although this was not a school function, proceeds will go to the Senior Class Treasury.

The class of 1952 elected this year as its officers the following: President, George Knightly; vice-president, George Schofield; secretary-treasurer, Joyce Hamilton. George Knightly is a popular mem-

ber of the senior class and has been class president for four years. He is active in sports and is co-captain of the football team. E. G.

### FRESHMAN-SENIOR DANCE

The annual Freshman-Senior Dance was held on October 26. The music and dancing started promptly at eight o'clock and lasted till eleven. George Sanford was the disc-jockey. M. J. L.

### ASSEMBLY

A football rally was called on October 12, during the last part of the 7th period. The purpose of this rally was to arouse interest in the Johnson-Methuen game.

The cheerleaders introduced several new cheers to the student body, and these were used for the first time at the game on November 3. M. J. L.

### SENIOR GIRLS, CLASS OF "51"

According to information received from the Guidance Office, these members of the forty Senior girls of the class of "51" are working, attending school, or training for a profession.

Five of the girls are attending Teachers' College. This is the largest number to attend for the last two years.

Fifteen girls are working, while several are going to Business School. Eight others are in Senior College.

Because the standard of Nursing has gone up, only one girl was admitted to Nursing School, though several applied. It is very difficult to get into some schools, as the student's scholastic average must be high.

One of last year's senior girls, Adeline Marrs, enlisted in the Wafs. She is the first recruit in four years from the area. J. L.

### GUIDANCE OFFICE REPORT

Tuesday, October 30, 1951—At an informative and enjoyable session, Mr. Frank Petty of the Andover Savings Bank addressed the Junior Business Training classes at Johnson High School. The "Question Box" method was used in explaining the operation and services of banks. J. L.

### GUIDANCE OFFICE REPORTS

The senior girls at Johnson High School were given an interesting address by Waf Sgt. Betty Mirisola. The importance of carefully planning and education before enlisting in the armed services was stressed.

The girls were greatly impressed by Miss Mirisola's chic uniform, and description of two other seasonal uniforms. Those who were interested were invited to visit Miss Mirisola at the Lawrence Waf and Wac Recruiting Office. J. L.

### THE HONOR SOCIETY

The following were elected as officers of the Honor Society for the year: President, Diana Keach; vice-president, George Knightly; secretary, Joyce Hamilton; treasurer, Betty Corcoran. The Executive Board is comprised of Betty Duncan and Carolyn Dushame.

During the Society's recent meetings it was decided to have George Emmons provide the music for the Honor Society Dance on December 21. Many projects were discussed at the meeting, but they were not fully decided upon. D. D.

### HONOR SOCIETY NEWS

All the student body filed into the hall at 1:30 P.M. on Wednesday, November 14, for the Honor Society semi-annual induction ceremony.

First, Mr. Hayes told the new-comers to our school the purpose of this organization, its history, the requirements needed for obtaining entrance into it, and the significance of its insignia. Then he lit the tallest candle, the candle of education.

Following this the officers of the society, in turn, lit the candles of service, scholarship, leadership, and character—the ideals of the society—and each one presented a short speech.

Next on the program was the presentation of pins to the new members. Those who attained this honor were, Marjorie Midgley, Florence Towne, Gioia Gribaldi, Lillian Bara, Paul Donovan, and Jane Lewis. All members recited the oath.

Mr. Hayes and Miss Cook congratu-

lated the new members and the meeting was called to a close. J. L.

### STUDENT COUNCIL REPORT

At the opening session of the Johnson High School Student Council, the following pupils were elected officers: George Knightly, president; George Schofield, vice-president; Elizabeth Corcoran, secretary.

At the following meetings the Council decided to resume the recess activities and monitors were nominated and elected. They are: Jack Shottes, Walt Crabtree, George Schofield, George Knightly, James MacMurray, Bob Thomson, Jack Haigh and Dan Forgetta.

During its next meeting, the Council discussed a suggestion from Mr. Hayes to try to prevent needless destruction on Hallowe'en. The Council decided to send two representatives to each school to talk on "Destruction at Hallowe'en."

The following council members volunteered as representatives; Carolyn Dushame, Donald Foulds, Betty Corcoran, Lois Broderick, Michael Drummey, Roberta Bamford, Alice Dolan, and Charles Kettinger.

At the final meeting of the Student Council, Elizabeth Corcoran, Sandra Vose, Nancy Lawlor and Carolyn Dushame were elected to attend the Eastern Massachusetts Student Council Conference on November 17, 1951. D. A. L.

### COMMUNITY CHEST

Soliciting, writing essays, and giving their money is what the boys and girls at Johnson High School did for the Community Chest.

The cheerleaders of Johnson also participated in the huge Community Chest Parade that took place in Lawrence. They cheered for the Community Chest along the whole route, and were cordially received by the throngs of people who lined the parade route. C. D.

### RECESS ACTIVITIES REPORT

During a recent meeting of the Student Council it was voted to continue the recess activities this year. Eight monitors were elected: Jack Shottes, Jack Haigh,



George Schofield, George Knightly, Walter Crabtree, Robert Thomson, Jim McMurray, and Dan Forgetta.

The purpose of the monitors is to maintain order in the hall during recess. Dancing during your own recess period and ping-pong during the recess period that does not conflict with your lunch period is allowed to the pupils.

It would be wise to remember that recess activities will continue just as long as we act like young ladies and gentlemen in the hall. D. L.

### ART CONTEST WINNERS

We wish to congratulate Jean Ingram, Beverlee Thomson, and Susan Hearty, whose paintings were chosen by the Art Committee of the North Andover Woman's Club to represent the local club in a contest sponsored by the General Federation of Woman's Clubs.

These paintings, if chosen on a state and national level, will be sent abroad to help interpret the American way of life to the European people.

### DRIVER TRAINING COURSE

October 9, 1951, was the day of the first meeting for pupils taking the Drivers' Training Course. The purpose of this course is to teach boys and girls the proper handling of an automobile, and to try to lessen the accident rate among teen-agers.

The G. W. Robinson Company of Lawrence is lending a dual-control 1950 Plymouth automobile to our school.

This class is under the supervision of Mr. John Donovan, and he also will teach the next group of boys and girls who will form a new class right after the Christmas vacation. C. D.

### ATHLETIC CLUB

The Athletic Club has made plans to have basketball and softball teams. It has also planned to go skiing and skating this winter. The officers of this club are: President, Chris Kane; vice-president, Fay Belanger; secretary, Edith Bamford; treasurer, Helen Langlois. The advisor of the Athletic Club is Mrs. Bateman.

### ART CLUB

The Art Club plans to make scrap books and Christmas baskets for the Naval Hospital. The officers of this club are: President, Dawn Pavledaikes; vice-president, Joan Valliere; secretary, Janet Haight; treasurer, Maureen Smith. The advisor of the Art Club is Miss Butler.

### DISCUSSION CLUB

This year the Discussion Club plans to debate and discuss current issues. Elected as officers were: President, Kenneth Rapacz; vice-president, Robert Holleran; secretary, Roberta Bamford; treasurer, Victor DeMario. The faculty advisor is Miss Irene Cook.

### COMMERCIAL CLUB

At the first meeting of the club, the following students were elected as club officers: President, Maureen Hogan; secretary, Laura Licciardello; treasurer, Claire Chamberlin. This club is making plans to have speakers on the operation of business machines. The faculty advisor is Miss Claire Torpey.

### KNITTING AND SEWING CLUB

The Knitting and Sewing Club has elected the following students as officers: Jeannette Houghton, president; Norma Ackroyd, vice-president; Judith Williams, secretary; and Josephine Messina, treasurer. Miss Buckley is the advisor of this Club. The club has decided to make socks, mittens, suits and skirts this year.

### HOBBY CLUB

This club is under the direction of Miss Clara Chapman. It has planned to give regular reports on its hobbies and to have a display of the hobbies sometime during the year. Elected as officers were; Leonard Perkins, president; Paul Donovan, vice-president; Verna LeClair, secretary; and Charles Kettinger, treasurer.

### BLOCK PRINTING CLUB

This club plans to do block-printing and also to make some triptychs, (carving on three panels). Miss Veva Chapman is the advisor. At the club meeting the following officers were elected: Ann Bul-

lock, president; Elsie Thomas, secretary; and Elaine Kozdras, treasurer.

#### THE CHEFS' CLUB

This year we shall smell the fragrant aromas of American Chop Suey, Bacon and Eggs, Apple Brown Betty and Chocolate Cake issuing forth from Room 4, as Miss Neal succeeds in teaching the senior boys how to cook. As officers the club elected: George Schofield, head chef; John Sheehy, secretary; and Douglas Alexander, treasurer.

#### THE DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club plans to give two one-act plays, to play charades and to gain some experience in make-up, pantomimes and monologues. The following students were elected as officers: Nancy Lawlor, president; Geraldine Drummey, vice-president; Sandra Vose, secretary; Carole Smith, treasurer; Ina Thomson and Evelyn Stone, directors. The club is under the supervision of Miss Donlan.

#### CAMERA CLUB

Last year's Camera Club presented to the high school library a book entitled "From Eye to Camera." This is a book on how to see, take, and use pictures. It is interesting reading for both amateurs and professionals. The Library wishes to extend its appreciation to the club and hopes that the students will enjoy the colorful reading of "From Eye to Cam-

era." The officers of the club are: President, Ronnie Fountain; vice-president, David Knightly; secretary, John McElhiney; treasurer, Norman Lundquist. The faculty advisor is Mr. John Finneran.

#### BOOSTERS' CLUB

The Boosters' Club has decided to carry out projects which will uplift and keep alive the spirit of the school. The officers are: President, John Shottes; vice-President, George Knightly; secretary, Pat Smith; treasurer, John Haigh. The advisor is Mr. Lee.

#### COMMERCIAL DESIGN CLUB

The following were elected officers of the Commercial Design Club: President, Charles Turner; vice-president, George Acciard; secretary, Jean Ingram; treasurer, Joan Waddington. The members of this club are planning to do clay modeling, and the designing of posters. Mr. James Thomson is the faculty advisor.

#### MODEL BUILDERS' CLUB

The following students were elected officers of the Model Builders' Club: President, David Ennis; secretary, Robert Wilcox; treasurer, Dana Freeman.

The club plans to make model airplanes, small bookcases, and other small articles of wood. Mr. Vincent is the faculty advisor.

#### ANSWER TO "GUESS WHO?"

Michael Drummey



## SPORTS

#### BOYS' SPORTS

The 1951 football season started off with a downfall. Johnson failed to capsize Howe. Howe's group of warriors stepped on their opposition, scoring three touchdowns to Johnson's nothing.

The following week, with the initial game lost, the Black and Red eleven traveled to Weston and were the aggres-

sors and victors in this season's second game.

With an even record of one victory and one defeat, the Johnson eleven played host to Chelmsford and for the second time tasted victory. A strong forward wall and an invincible aerial defense were the great aids in making Johnson victorious with a score of 14-13.



The following week, Johnson invaded Methuen, but lost to the tune of 13-0, and Johnson was burdened with another defeat.

With two victories and two defeats, Johnson clashed with Wilmington to demonstrate its talents, and due to the extraordinary tackling of Jack Shottes, the running of Bob Beaudoin and the teamwork of all the boys bearing the red and black uniforms, we were once more able to leave the field of battle with a look of pride and a stride of assurance, while the scorekeeper wrote out in large numbers, 14-7.

The game with Reading proved absolutely hopeless. In the first half, Reading scored 34 points, increasing Johnson's casualties by two and revealing all its weaknesses. The tide changed in the last half and Johnson put up a defense wall that was sensational, but in spite of our efforts the score was Reading 40, Johnson 0.

Next, Johnson's group of warriors traveled to Somerville, where they clashed with Somerville Vocational, and once more proved we are the small town team with a lot of that invincible stamina. We came back victorious, with a score of 14-7.

The game on the following Saturday with Hudson was cancelled, still leaving Johnson with 4 victories and 3 defeats.

On November 10, Johnson met with Ipswich in her own back yard, and reluc-

tantly yielded to the score of 38 to 18, adding George Schofield to the casualty list with a sprained ankle.

Spectacular is the only description for the season's final game between Johnson and Punchard! Both teams remained scoreless in the first half, but Alexander's nine yard forward to Schofield, with only 30 seconds remaining in the game, made the Black and Red victorious over their rival at Andover. Johnson scored 14 points to Punchard's 12.

Johnson has had a marvelous year, captained by John Shottes and George Knightly, and has played every game with the utmost of sportsmanship.

R. K.

## GIRLS' SPORTS

This year, Johnson has had a very good cheering squad. The cheerleaders are Chris Kane, Pat Driscoll, Claire Arsenault, Barb Saul, Dotty Love, Betty Corcoran, Marion Bamford, and Carolyn Dushame. Carolyn and Marion are head cheerleaders.

Pat Smith, due to illness, was forced to drop cheerleading activities. In her place, Pat Driscoll was selected.

The girls' basketball season officially starts after the football season. All girls who are interested should be sure to try out for the team.

J. G.



## JOKES

Frank—"What did you do with the cuffs I left on the table last night?"

Joe—"They were soiled, so I sent them to the laundry."

Frank—"Ye gads, the entire history of England was on them."

Said the professor: "If there are any dumbbells in the room, please stand up."

A long pause and then a lone freshman stood up.

"What, do you consider yourself a dumbbell?"

"Well, not exactly that, sir, but I do hate to see you standing all by yourself."

The English language is a very funny thing. Tell a girl that time stands still

when you look unto her eyes and she'll adore you, but just try telling her that her face would stop a clock.

"I've a friend that I'd like you to meet, girls."

Athletic girl—"What can he do?"

Chorus girl—"How much has he?"

Literary girl—"What does he read?"

Society girl—"Who are his family?"

High school girl—"Where is he?"

Waitress—"Hawaii, mister? You must be Hungary."

Customer—"Yes, Siam and I can't Roumania long either. Venice lunch ready?"

Waitress—"I'll Russia table. What'll you have? Aix?"

Customer—"Whatever's ready. But can't Jamaica cook step on the gas."

Waitress—"Odessa laugh. But Alaska."

Customer—"Don't do me favors. Just put a Cuba sugar in my Java."

Waitress—"Don't be Sicily, big boy. Sweden it yourself. I'm only here to Serbia."

Customer—"Denmark my Czech and call the Bosphorus. I don't Bolivia know who I am."

Waitress—"Canada noise. I don't Caribbean. You sure Ararat."

Customer—"Samoa your wisecracks. What's got India? D'you think this arguing Alps business? Be Nice. I gotta Smolensk for ya."

Waitress—"Don't Kiev me that Boulogne. Alamain do. Spain in the neck. Pay your Czech and scam. Abyssinia."

The more we study the more we know

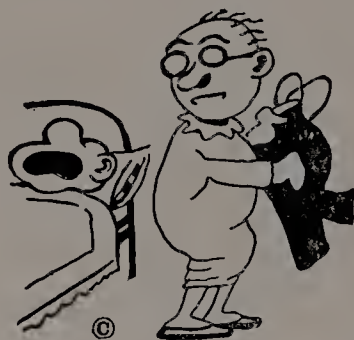
The more we know, the more we forget.

The more we forget, the less we know.

The less we know, the less we forget.

The less we forget, the more we know.

So why study?



## EXCHANGES

*The Oriole*—Richland Center High School, Wisconsin. Again, this year, RCHS is "on the air." Its first program is entitled, "Football Sportsmanship." *The Oriole* has added another column to its paper, which gives its readers more and better reading.

JHS is indebted to RCHS for the wisecrack:

Three tramps had boiled a chicken and were arguing about how to divide it. One suggested they should toss a coin.

"Heads," called Sam.

"Tails," called Tom.

"I'll take what's left," said Pat.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Northeastern Notes*—Northeastern University, Boston, Massachusetts.

"NN" is to be congratulated on its

excellent editorial: "Democracy is Worth Thinking About." If more people realized the importance behind this headline, maybe this generation could learn what it is to live in "the clean, healthy atmosphere of peace."

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